

should be especially the principal and chief moral lesson in to teach
et ame, and a suitable object for study, in those few hours which should
be given to religion, for all. We may say, if you like, that such books will
not be of much use. But it is plain that such books as we have, will
not be of much use.

THE

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ON THE USE OF MANUALS IN SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTRUCTION.

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WE propose to invite the attention of our readers to the consideration of a question which has been somewhat agitated in different circles, and in regard to which there is a wide difference of opinion among the best friends of the Sunday school. The question to which we allude is this:—Is the use of Manuals, in Sunday school instruction, to be recommended? There seem to be three different shades of opinion upon this question. There are some, who are very decided and strong in their opposition to all use whatever of manuals in Sunday school instruction. “Discard manuals entirely,” say they, “from all our Sunday schools, and bring the minds and the hearts of teachers and pupils into closer contact and more intimate communion, and then may we hope to elevate the character and increase the efficiency of our schools.” There are others, who seem to consider the natural tendency and influence of manuals as of a very doubtful character. But they regard them as necessary, *at present*, on account of the imperfections and deficiencies of teachers. “If,” say they, “we only had the right kind of teachers, truly spiritual persons, we should not need manuals.” Then there are still others, who regard the use of manuals as, in its very nature, good, and as adapted, if the manuals are rightly prepared and rightly used, to promote the best improvement of our Sunday schools. They feel, with others, the obvious deficiencies in our present modes of Sunday school instruction. But they think that these deficiencies are to be remedied, not by wholly discarding manuals, either

now, or at some future time, but by improving the character of those which are used, and rendering them more perfect in their adaptation to the end for which they are prepared. We do not propose to discuss, fully, these different opinions, but simply to offer some suggestions in support of the view last named.

What is a manual, and for what purpose is it used? It is simply a guide in the investigation of any branch of knowledge. It is used for the same purpose for which Guide Books, containing written hints and directions, are used by travellers when passing through a strange country. And one would seem to be acting just as wisely, in refusing the hints and suggestions of previous travellers through a country to which he is an utter stranger, as in refusing the assistance of one well versed in any branch of knowledge of which he is ignorant, in conducting his mind, from point to point, in the most natural order, and in the most direct course. Accordingly, in all departments of *intellectual* education, every class of learners, from the infant with its Primmer, to the resident graduates in the university of Europe, with the Syllabus, prepared by the Professor to guide his inquiries, is provided with such helps. The use of manuals in Sunday schools, like the use of text-books in our common schools, is intended to aid both teacher and pupil. A teacher may have a good general acquaintance with any branch of science, and yet may not understand the particular order in which the facts and principles of that science can be the most easily and successfully communicated to the young mind. If a manual, or text-book, be put into his hand, well arranged in this respect, it will be to him a great help in giving instruction. His own previously acquired knowledge will arrange itself around the different topics of the manual in the order in which they are there disposed, and will, in that order, be communicated to the pupils, in the manner best adapted to their wants. For every teacher, who would be successful in his work, must strive, not only to become master of the branch he teaches, but must seek also to understand the order, in which facts, truths and principles can be most successfully communicated to the tender mind of childhood. And, as he labors in his vocation, he will find that he must go out of himself, if we may so speak, and must disregard the order in which his knowledge is arranged in his own mind, and in which he could most easily pour it forth, and keep his eye upon the mind of the child, watching carefully the order of its development and the rapidity of its progress, and communicating knowledge, only as the child may be prepared to receive it. And he will often be called upon to commence and proceed, not according to the promptings of his own mind, but in accordance with the development, capacities and wants of the child's mind; to refrain from

the communication of knowledge with which he is himself perfectly familiar, and which he would be glad to impart, because the child is not as yet qualified to comprehend it and be profited by it. It must then be of great assistance to a teacher to have a manual, in which the various topics of instruction are arranged in the natural order, and as best adapted to the gradual development of the young mind. And, for the same reasons, are manuals of importance to the pupil, as well as to the teacher. The child, about to enter upon the study of some particular branch of knowledge, finds a wide field open before him. He must begin somewhere; it is important that he should begin at the right place, with the simplest elements. He wishes, by private study, to make preparation to meet his teacher and receive the instructions which may be imparted. And it is important that, in doing so, he should proceed in the order in which the truths and principles he would learn, naturally succeed each other. A full understanding of the simplest elementary principles will prepare the mind for a better understanding of those which depend upon and flow from them. The ease with which a pupil may master step after step, by his own efforts, and the pleasure which he may take in his course, will be greatly increased, if the successive steps are arranged in their natural order. A manual, which shall be a successful guide in the accomplishment of this object will be a great assistance to the pupil, as well as to the teacher.

From this general and abstract view of the subject, it would seem as if there could be no plausible objection to the use of manuals. And yet, from the remarks we sometimes hear, especially upon the probability that they may be dispensed with hereafter, when our schools shall have reached a higher degree of improvement than they have as yet attained, we should infer that our Sunday schools are hereafter to become very different from what they now are. In all probability they will, in some respects, become different from what they now are. And yet, in other respects, they must always remain much the same as they are at present. They will, in all probability, be always composed of children, and the young mind will remain, ever, very much as it now is, in its infantile weakness, and in its gradual development. And then too, our schools will probably always be conducted, as they now are, by teachers from the various walks of life, with differences of experience, of knowledge, and of opportunity for preparation to meet their classes. And then, it is a well established fact in all education, that the process pursued will be most successful if conducted in accordance with two or three simple principles, to which allusion has already been made: — that simple and elementary truths must be communicated before those which are dependent upon them and are more

complex, can be easily and fully understood; that the order, in which different truths should be communicated to the mind, should be adapted to the gradual development of the mind itself; that truths must be grasped by the intellect, before the feelings naturally awakened by them can pervade the heart. We have said that our Sunday schools will, probably, always be composed of children, who will be very much what children now are, in their weakness, their ignorance, and the gradual development of their mental powers. Is it to be expected that the children in our common schools will ever be so changed, or the systems of instruction so altered, that they shall commence their course with Algebra, instead of beginning, as they now do, with the Alphabet? And will not the principles which forbid this, hold equally good in regard to Sunday school instruction? And besides, it requires accurate acquaintance with the tender mind of childhood, and with the gradual development of the mental powers, together with a very clear view of the relations of the different steps of knowledge to each other, in order to know how best to adapt the instruction which is to be given, to the minds which are to be instructed. But, if these things are once fully understood, and manuals are prepared in accordance with them, such manuals will contain in themselves the elements of perpetual adaptation, with occasional and slight modifications, to the wants of the young. When these things are taken into consideration, is it to be supposed that every one of the hundreds or thousands of teachers in all our Sunday schools will be so thoroughly acquainted with the young mind, and with the order in which the different steps of knowledge most naturally succeed each other, as to be able always to adapt the one to the other, without some guide or assistance? At least, is it not more reasonable to suppose, that here and there an individual, who has devoted much thought and attention to this subject, will be better qualified to adapt, in the preparation of a manual, the course of instruction to the early weakness and gradual development of the young mind than every teacher, young or old, experienced or inexperienced, can possibly be?

But, again, suppose that every teacher were well qualified to construct a manual for his own use. Even then, would it not be better for each teacher to sit down in quiet retirement, and with study and reflection prepare a manual for the guidance of his own course in teaching, than to trust to the promptings of the moment, at each successive meeting with his class, or to the unexamined impulses and suggestions that may, from time to time, occur? In the one case, his course of instruction would be the result of careful study, arranged naturally, and pursued systematically. In the other, he would meet his class at different times in different states of mind, and with different degrees of prepara-

tion, and the whole course would be in danger of becoming desultory and inefficient. In the one case, the pupils would have in their hands a guide to their private studies ; in the other they would depend upon the suggestions of the teacher, as they might come, piece-meal, from his lips, at successive exercises. It would seem that the best teachers in our schools, even those well qualified to prepare manuals for themselves, would be more successful and efficient in the actual details of Sunday school instruction, by preparing a manual and then using it, by marking out a course at the commencement of their labors, and then systematically pursuing it, than they could be without such an arranged and carefully prepared course.

But the idea which is sometimes advanced is, that if our teachers were only as *spiritual* as they should be, there would be no need of manuals. This view is based upon a mistake. The adaptation of instruction to the wants of the child, and the clear and distinct communication of Christian truth, depends not so much upon the spirituality of the heart, as upon the clearness of the intellectual view of the natural relation of truths and principles to each other and upon the careful observation of the gradual development of the young mind. Spirituality of affections, piety of heart, are indeed important qualifications in a teacher. There are none more so. They give to all the instructions imparted, the proper hue and relish, the right influence and bearing upon the heart of the pupil. But they are not the only important qualifications. There must be a knowledge of the truths and principles to be taught, and of the order in which they can be most successfully communicated, together with a tact in illustrating and enforcing them. And these qualifications do not depend, wholly, upon spirituality of affections and character. All possible advancement, then, in true spirituality, will not, of itself, so qualify our teachers for their work, as to enable them to dispense with the help to be obtained from the proper use of well arranged and well prepared manuals. Their work is not, as some seem to suppose, simply to sit by the side of their pupils, and by conversing with them, breathe into their hearts their own spirituality of affections. For, even that spirituality which characterizes their own hearts, if it be genuine and enduring, must be based upon a knowledge and belief of the great central truths of the Gospel. It is the principal part of their work, then, to implant a knowledge and belief of these same great central truths in the minds and hearts of their pupils, that they may there become the sure foundation on which may be based true and lasting spirituality of affections and character. But these truths may not be arranged in the mind of even the most spiritual person, in the order in which they can be most successfully communicated

to the young. Nor will an increase of spirituality remedy any deficiency there may be in this respect. We should seek, then, for truly spiritual persons as teachers, and should place in their hands well arranged manuals to guide them in their labors, that so they may communicate to their pupils the truths of the Gospel in their natural order, and in accordance with the gradual development of the young mind, while from their own pure and holy hearts they breathe into their instructions a truly spiritual, elevating and purifying influence.

But, it is sometimes objected to the use of manuals, that, with them, some teachers simply read the questions and hear the recitation of the answers while there are other teachers, who, without manuals, converse freely with their pupils, awaken in them a deep interest, and secure their rapid improvement. This objection arises from an unfair comparison of teachers who are deficient, with those who excel. The way to ascertain the truth upon this point, would be to inquire how those teachers who now only read the questions from their books and hear the recitation of the answers without a word of explanation or free conversation, how these same teachers would probably succeed, if they were to attempt to teach without a manual? or to ask whether those teachers who now interest their classes without a manual, would not, in all probability, unite with the same degree of interest, more systematic instruction in the truths and principles of the Gospel, were they to make proper use of a well arranged manual. If the objection be examined in this way it will probably fall to the ground.

Again, it is said that among the great number of different manuals now before the public, it is extremely difficult to find *one*, that is not in some respects defective; and, on this ground it is contended that all use of them had better be entirely discarded. But surely this is a strange inference to be drawn from the premises stated. The manuals now before the public have all of them, undoubtedly, been the work of deep feeling and of careful thought on the part of their respective authors. They have been prepared with at least some care, and after some experience, and have in all probability been revised again and again, before their publication. And yet they are deficient. Shall we infer from this that every one of the hundreds or thousands of Sunday school teachers in all our schools, that the young lady of seventeen, with ardent zeal but with little experience, that the man of business, with a devoted heart, but with only a few moments each week for preparation to meet his class, that every one of these, can, without thought or study, arrange, from Sabbath to Sabbath, as they meet their classes, a better course of study than the authors of these manuals have been able to prepare, with all their advantages for the work and

all their care in the effort? The deficiencies in our present manuals will not, surely, lead us to look for less deficiency in the desultory instruction which must in many instances follow from discarding them altogether. It will rather prompt us to seek more earnestly for a series of manuals which shall be better adapted to our wants than any now in use.

Still further, it is said that God has given us the Bible, and it is asked if that is not sufficient; if God's order of communicating truth is not better than man's; if He, in his infinite wisdom, has not given us manuals, why should we prepare them? The objection implied in this query is based upon a wrong view, and if it proves anything, proves altogether too much. It seems to be based upon the idea that the particular object of God in giving the Bible, an object which determined the order of the successive parts of the Bible, was to adapt the Book to the special purpose of imparting religious knowledge to the young mind. If this idea be a correct one, it will follow that the young child should be led regularly through the Bible in the order of its successive parts. Otherwise it will not be following God's order. But is it not a well known fact that God has communicated religious knowledge to the world as it was at the time needed; and that the records of his revelations have been made in such order as may have been providentially determined? It is with the truths contained in the Bible, as it is with the various objects in the natural world. They are arranged in the order in which we find them, not merely for the instruction of childhood, but for other purposes, determined by God's infinite wisdom. Then, again, if this objection be well-founded, it would lead us to discard all manuals, or text-books, in any of the arts and sciences. God has not given us treatises for the instruction of the young in any department of knowledge. He has not given us manuals in any of the natural sciences. He has scattered the objects of nature around us, in what may seem to us to be great confusion. Why then have manuals, or text-books, on Botany, Mineralogy, or any of the natural sciences been prepared? Is it not because men have found that, as they became acquainted with these subjects, their knowledge could be best retained and best adapted to their after use by being arranged and classified under some general heads or principles? And has not God given men the liberty to arrange and classify their knowledge in such ways as may best suit their own minds? But, when men have reached this point, have they not still further found, that if they wished to communicate to the young the knowledge they had acquired, they could do it more easily and successfully by imparting truths singly, and in their natural order? Has not such been their course when they have

attempted to impart a knowledge of the natural sciences, orally, or by lectures? And then, when they have found others who wished to teach in their way, they have imparted their own mode of teaching by preparing and publishing a text-book or manual. And is there not the same reason for pursuing this course in regard to religious instruction, the truths of revelation, the principles of the Gospel, as in regard to any other instruction? This objection will appear, upon examination, to be wholly without good foundation.

It is sometimes objected to manuals, that they present all subjects as of equal importance; that facts in History, or in Geography, are so presented as to appear to the mind of the child to be of equal importance with the most essential spiritual truths. This objection arises from a wrong view sometimes entertained in regard to the purposes and uses of manuals. It seems to be thought that manuals are intended not merely as a guide to the inquiries in regard to the *order* in which the topics should be noticed and as offering simply some hints in regard to the different topics necessarily noticed, leaving both teacher and pupil to a more full examination for themselves, of the different subjects brought to view, but that they are intended to mark the limits beyond which inquiry shall not go. Now this is all a mistake. If one were to visit the city of Rome, with a Hand Book, to guide him to an acquaintance with the many objects of interest that are there, he would not feel, because he used that Hand Book, and availed himself of the brief hints it might afford, that, therefore, he was forbidden to examine the separate objects pointed out, for himself, and form his own estimate of their comparative interest and importance. No Hand Book could possibly be prepared, which would successfully point out the relative differences of different objects, in interest and importance, in a manner adapted to meet the wants of all minds. Because different objects would appear differently to different minds. So, in the use of Sunday school manuals, the teacher is not to feel that he is forbidden by their use to examine the different topics to which attention is directed, for himself, and to form his own estimate of their comparative degrees of importance. Here, as in the guide to the city of Rome, no one book could possibly point out the relative importance of different subjects, in a manner adapted to the wants of all minds. Because different minds will view things differently. What may seem of the utmost importance to one mind, will perhaps seem of less importance to another. And it is often the case that subjects which at one time may seem to be of the utmost importance, may, at another time, and when viewed through a different medium either of opinion or of feeling, seem to be of much less importance. And not only so, but every teacher will find, that

some truths will, in fact, be more important at one time than at another, to one pupil than to another. One pupil may be faulty in regard to a sacred reverence for the truth. This circumstance will direct the attention of the teacher to the importance of deeply impressing upon the mind of that child those religious instructions most adapted to its peculiar failing. While it may be necessary to impress other truths upon the minds of other children, according to their differing characters and wants. This objection, then, arises from a wrong idea in regard to the true purposes of manuals and the proper uses to be made of them. They are not, by any means, to take the place of the living teacher, but are to be regarded simply as helps, to aid him in his efforts to guide the pupil aright in his religious inquiries.

It is also sometimes objected to manuals, that the use of them does not admit of those variations of instruction which seem to be necessary in order to adapt it to the differing wants of children of different capacities. This objection is of the same class, and arises from the same cause with the one last noticed : from a misunderstanding of the proper end and use of manuals. "Colburn's First Lessons in Arithmetic," is perhaps one of the best manuals of instruction, in its own department, that was ever prepared. And yet, in the actual use of the book, every teacher will be compelled to ask those pupils who may be somewhat dull and slow of comprehension in the department of numbers, many questions in addition to those contained in the book; questions adapted to lead them along to a full understanding of all the principles of the book. And these questions must be continually varied by the living teacher, in the number which are put, in the form in which they are presented, and in their different degrees of simplicity, according to the different capacities of the different children that are questioned. This is the course suggested by the author of the book himself, the course which he himself pursued, when engaged in the actual details of teaching. A course somewhat analogous to this, must be pursued in Sunday school instruction. It is not to be supposed that each member of a class of half a dozen will have the same full understanding of the different topics they may have passed over, in any manual they may use. Some will be of quick perception, others will be slow of comprehension. And no book can possibly be prepared, which will meet all these differing wants. The deficiencies of the book must be made up by the free conversations of the living teacher. And these conversations must be varied, in form, manner and simplicity of illustration, in order to adapt them to the different capacities of different children.

There is one view of the positive advantages resulting from the use of manuals, which seems to be of some importance, and which ought

not to be passed by without notice. One of the most important objects to be accomplished by Sunday school instruction is, to form the pupil to the habit of careful, thorough and systematic study of the Bible for himself, and indeed to the habit of careful, thorough and systematic investigation of religious truth for himself. This habit, if firmly fixed, will probably be of more lasting benefit to the pupil, than all else gained at the Sunday school. If religious emotions are awakened, they may soon die away, if religious impressions are made, they may in after life be effaced, unless kept alive and sustained by continued recurrence to the sacred fountain of religious truth. The child, who while at the Sunday school, acquires the love and forms the habit of studying the Bible, of investigating religious truth for himself, will find open before him in after life a fountain of religious influence which may serve to keep his emotions ever vivid, his impressions ever deep and strong, and will become acquainted with a source of religious enjoyment and improvement which will be as lasting as life. This taste and habit, all will admit, may be more easily acquired, more successfully formed, with the use of manuals than without. If manuals are not used, one of two courses will probably be pursued. Either the teacher will mark out a course for the pupil to follow, in preparing for each successive exercise, or the pupils will meet their teacher without any previous preparation. If the former course be pursued, it would seem that it could be more systematically done by the adoption of some well arranged manual. Nor could there be any serious and weighty objection to this, since the arrangement and marking out of a regular course by the teacher, partakes of the nature of a manual, in fact, at least, if not in form. If the latter course be pursued, it would seem as if it must be desultory and inefficient; and that in all probability it would be productive of evil consequences. The children come together without any previous preparation, and, of course, without any deep interest in the subject, and there they are, waiting simply to be interested in the stories the teacher may be able to tell. If the teacher tells a good story, or conducts conversation in an interesting manner, they will listen attentively; if not, they will pay but little attention, and what is worse, will feel that the whole fault is with the teacher. Will not instruction given in this way, become desultory and inefficient? Will not the habits thus formed and the feelings thus cherished, strengthen and perpetuate the tendency—now somewhat prevalent among adults—of attending upon the services of the Sabbath, not for the purpose of worshipping God and strengthening Christian principle, but simply for the passive enjoyment of the interest the preacher may be able to awaken, with the feeling, that if they are not interested, it is

the fault of the preacher, and that they are, on that account, released from all obligations whatever to attend upon the services of the sanctuary.

We are aware that it may be said that the views we have advanced, may be sound, if the great object of Sunday school instruction is to train the intellect to a knowledge of Christian truth. But, it will be contended that a more important object is, to reach and affect the heart, to awaken religious feelings and establish religious principles. We admit that these are more important objects than the mere knowledge of Christian truths, since they are the ends to the attainment of which that is an instrument. We therefore contend that genuine religious feelings have their origin in a knowledge of religious truth, and depend upon this knowledge for permanent life and vigor. And so too, we contend that all true Christian principle must be based upon a knowledge and belief of Christian instructions. Any system of instruction, therefore, which is successful in imparting a clear knowledge of Christian truths and principles, will be the system best adapted to the great and ultimate purposes of Sunday school instruction.

We have extended our remarks to a much greater length than we at first intended, but we have done it simply because it seemed necessary. We are aware that many of the best friends of Sunday schools differ widely and honestly from the views we have advanced. All we ask for our views, is, that they should be examined fairly and candidly;—that so, if they prove to be correct, they may be adopted, and if found incorrect, may be rejected.

A DAY AT HULL.

IN these days of the questioning and subverting of old ideas and customs, the proper observance of the Sabbath has had its share of attention. Some object even to the name "Sabbath," as savoring more of the old Jewish idea of rest, than of the more Christian one of active virtue. Much undoubtedly may be said against the rigid, Puritanical mode of observance of the day, especially in its influence on the childish spirit. Whatever tends to invest holy time with gloomy and irksome associations, must be objectionable. It may require some tact and ingenuity to make the day a pleasant one to children, while at the same time they are in some measure restrained from those noisy demonstrations of happiness which would disturb the meditations of others. Yet

it seems to me that even this may be done ; and surely to those of maturer years, to whom religion has become a vital thing, the day cannot be a weariness, even though it do restrict them to a narrower range of enjoyments, and hold in check the exuberance of spirits common to other days.

However old-fashioned the idea may be, it does seem to me that the Sabbath may in general be more truly kept in the sanctuary of a quiet home, than in any other place. Unless some errand of mercy call us forth into the haunts of men, it seems good to pass the private hours of this day of rest in the retirement of our own house or grounds. Or, if we would go forth to meditate, this purpose is best answered by seeking those secluded spots where we may be remote from the gaze and the remarks of men.

Another antiquated notion which I must still hold in connection with this, or rather as the basis on which the former rests, is that we are not wholly to lose sight of the natural effect of our example, in deciding what our course shall be. So long as it is acknowledged that every moral agent exerts more or less influence on others in his narrow or extended sphere of action, I do not see how any one can fulfil the whole law of love and duty without taking this important item into account. The sincere Christian and ardent lover of Nature might rise to greater heights of devotion in the stillness of the fields or the majesty of the forest, than he could while listening to such services as we sometimes hear in the house of God. But, if his vacant seat encourage many weaker brethren to pass the day in idleness and dissipation, is not the benefit to himself more than counterbalanced by the injury to others ? It will not do for the Christian to say to his fellow-man, either by word or deed, "I am holier than thou. I have made such attainments in the spiritual life that I no longer need the restraints or the stimulants necessary to thy weaker virtue and colder devotion." A solitary ramble, or a walk with a serious friend would surely be no profanation of the holy day ; but, if it be taken at such times or in such places as to encourage the worldly-minded in loitering and mirth, it is hardly consistent with the course and the precepts of the apostle who walked so circumspectly, lest he should make his brother to offend.

To *riding*, on the Sabbath, there is still another objection, which is the demand made on the poor animal already wearied with his week's labor. The faithful service of six days is surely enough, without the addition of a seventh day of toil. Yet there is a large class of persons in the community, to whom Sunday affords almost the only season for relaxation, especially for breathing the free air of the country, and it

seems hardly reasonable to expect that a young man who is compelled to stand behind the counter for hours every day during the busy week, should be disposed to give himself to inactivity and grave meditation throughout the only day which he can call his own. If young men so situated violate the sanctity of holy time, it would seem that society is hardly less guilty than these direct disturbers of the peace. One half-holiday, even, during the week, would undoubtedly do more toward removing this great evil, than all the indignant remonstrances that could be uttered.

A person may, however, be so situated as to be able better to secure the objects of the day by seeking some secluded spot, than by remaining amid the cares and interruptions of a less quiet home. In such a case it would be hard to say that he shall never do so. Some circumstances of this nature induced the writer of this article to set aside habits seldom or never violated before, and during the intense heat of last September, to join a family of near and dear friends in passing a Sunday in Hull; that little secluded nook, which seems set apart from all the world beside. It was a glorious morning when we set out on our drive of ten miles. We were soon out of the thickly settled village, and much of the way lay through absolute solitude. Before entering on the beach we passed through a little village whose transformation within six or seven years seems almost magical. Time was, within the memory of some persons less venerable than the oldest inhabitant is usually supposed to be, when children and domestic animals might be seen on nearly equal terms in the same dwelling. To me, who had not seen the village for eight or ten years, the change was surprising and very beautiful. Those unpainted, slovenly houses are now transformed into neat white cottages. A pretty Methodist church stands among them; and, as we are told, this happy change is in a great measure attributed to the influence of the clergyman officiating there; the Father Taylor of his region.

We soon entered on the beach, and were indeed alone with Nature and her God. How magnificent was the scene! a fit temple for the worship of the Most High! We needed no ministering priest or choir, for Nature herself was most eloquent, and "her anthem the sublime accord" of the grand old "ocean's roar." It was a scene truly in accordance with the holy day, and a solemn preparation for the services of the morning. On leaving the beach, the scenery became wholly unique to us; first the fine ocean views on either hand, then the miniature groves, adapted to a race of pygmies, and last of all the sudden discovery of the little village of Hull, nestled so quietly among the hills.

We arrived, as we had intended, just in season to attend the Methodist services in a tiny schoolhouse, where a congregation of perhaps thirty people assembled. All was orderly and quiet, except that now and then a low groan expressed the earnestness with which some worshipper joined in a petition offered by the speaker. The little desk was on that day filled by the clergyman mentioned above, who discoursed with simplicity and seriousness from the words, "Search the Scriptures." There was little or nothing in his services to remind us that we were not listening to one of our own denomination. A bright looking woman, as we left the house, expressed her high estimation of his labors "on the other side of the beach," where, as she said, "under God, he had been the making of the people." The whole effect of the services was impressive and salutary. With what new depth of meaning did some of those glorious passages come home to the soul, where the Psalmist makes reference to the "great deep!" The impression was ineffaceable.

A part of the afternoon was passed on the redoubts, thrown up during the Revolutionary war, which command a very fine view of the ocean and neighboring islands. One of the most beautiful emblems of peace I have ever seen, was presented by the cattle feeding or reposing on those warlike embankments, now transformed into pasturing grounds, calling to mind the prophecy of those happy times when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and the nations shall learn war no more. It was difficult to realize that that peaceful spot had once been desecrated by hostile preparations; still more so to bring home the thought that at that very hour, on this same continent, scenes are enacted which make humanity shudder and grow sick at heart.

On our way home, we visited the life-boat, which we examined with deep and solemn interest. As it was a new boat, its associations were with the future, rather than the past; but, when we thought of the scenes in which it must act an important part, it became to us almost "a thing of life." Re-crossing the beach, where the tide was rapidly coming in to bar our progress, we returned home, feeling that the lessons of the day had not been lost, and that to have passed one Sabbath in a life-time thus, was not amiss.

M. W.

It is important to distinguish between a vague admiration of the Beautiful, and the worship of the Living God,—the Father of Jesus Christ our Lord.

SUBMISSION AND CHEERFULNESS.

Oh never, never let me mourn
 The griefs that meet me here ;
 Nor when my heart's by sorrow worn
 In sadness shed one tear.

I know it is man's earthly lot
 'To suffer and be strong,'
 And never be this truth forgot,—
 To murmur must be wrong !

How heavy are the fear and care
 That come upon the heart :
 The brightest hopes become despair,
 The fondest lovers part.

This fleeting world has many woes
 Beneath the clouded sun :
 But still a tide of rapture flows
 To seek the cheerful one.

Oh then, as long as here I live,
 My heart with joy shall thrill ;
 And bliss to me my God shall give,
 Striving to do his will.

W. R. A.

"THE poor, the humble, and your dependants will often be afraid to ask their due from you: be the more mindful of it yourself. With what degree of satisfaction do you feel that you could meet those persons in a future state over whom you have any influence now? Your heart's answer to this question is somewhat of a test of your behaviour towards them."

THE MISSIONARIES.

CHAPTER IV.

A FORTNIGHT after their arrival at Ceylon, Henry Maywood wrote thus to Mr. D.

"CEYLON, 5TH OCTOBER, 18—

MY DEAR SIR:—We wrote you almost immediately after our arrival at this place, by a vessel bound to New York; but we had not then time to enter minutely into the particulars of our present situation, and our plans for the future were still unformed. Most gladly we avail ourselves of another opportunity, direct to your good and favored city; and Anna has already quite a little folio prepared for her family and friends.

My first duty has been to address a letter to the Secretary of the Board of Missions, freely and frankly stating the change which has taken place in my religious opinions since the day when I was ordained as an Evangelist, under the auspices of that Board. I of course tendered my resignation, feeling that I had no right to avail myself of the advantages of such a connection, since I could no longer fulfil my engagement, and preach the doctrines which are regarded by them as essential.

But, though no longer recognized as the member of a sectarian body, my zeal in the cause of Christian missions, my deep sense of their vital importance, my constant desire to awaken an interest for them in every serious mind, is not at all abated. I stand on these heathen shores, fresh from a land of civilization and refinement, of intellectual privileges and Christian institutions,—and I look round me, on monuments of ignorance and superstition, on a race of men debased, enslaved by idolatry, cut off from the knowledge of God, and who, save in the outward image, scarce retain a vestige of humanity.

But I no longer regard them as wholly corrupt, cast away, perishing under the wrath of God, sentenced to eternal condemnation for the sins which they commit in ignorance. "For these, having no law, are a law unto themselves," and as they respect or violate the dictates of their consciences, so will they be judged. On the brow of each little one I see engraved the signet of heaven, and in every soul,—I cannot doubt it,—is hid the germ of an immortal, spiritual existence. I view them all as brethren, whom God created for happiness, and whom Christ died to redeem; and I would say to every individual who comes

hither, be it at the call of interest, of duty or of pleasure:—Be a Christian missionary to this benighted people—leave not the blessed task of teaching, reforming these children of our common Father, to those whose sacred profession calls them to toil and sacrifice, but let each one stand at his post and perform his duty faithfully; let him guard his own heart and restrain his own passions; let him exemplify the virtues of justice, sobriety, sincerity and truth, in all his dealings with them, and with others, and commend his piety to God, by doing good to all around him.

Oh! how much more effectual is the teaching of a good example, than the enforcement of barren doctrines and unintelligible dogmas!

I have already stated to you, my dear sir, the doubts, the conflict through which my mind has passed, in arriving at conclusions on certain doctrinal points so different from those which had at first influenced me. For many years, you are well aware, I have at times been perplexed and troubled by the apparent inconsistency of some religious opinions which I was taught to consider essential, particularly the popular belief of the Trinity. I long sought for light and instruction, prayerfully, and I believe sincerely; but the bias of early education, and the influences around me, perhaps unconsciously trammelled the freedom of investigation and the impartiality of my decisions. However that may be, as I look back, I can recal no long period of time when my mind was perfectly satisfied and at rest; yet at the time of my ordination I felt that I was standing on a secure foundation, and believed I had arrived at the truth, so far as fallible man could fathom it.

The mental process which has since led me to different conclusions, has been often experienced and truly described; while I was resting satisfied, and believed inquiry at an end, a discussion started at one of the conference meetings which were regularly held during our voyage, irresistibly seized my attention, and led me to a renewed and searching investigation of the holy volume. The Bible was my only text-book; in its pages alone I looked for light and instruction, seeking direction from Him who knows the weakness of our nature, and gratefully using the reason which he has bestowed, in reading, comparing and interpreting. If I know my own heart, I divested myself of every prejudice; nor would I consult any commentary, or seek the opinion or advice of any one, that the result of my inquiries might be perfectly impartial and unbiased.

That result is already known to you, my dear sir; and you, who have always enjoyed the privileges of a simple and rational Christianity, may imagine with what joy and gratitude I look up to the Father of all

light and consolation, who has vouchsafed to reveal himself so clearly to my mind, as the single object of our grateful adoration, the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, through whom we have at all times access to the throne of grace. With renewed courage and with ardent hope, I shall enter on my missionary labors. Thorny may be the path, but as an humble pioneer I gladly tread it. Simple are the truths which I am bound to teach: — the paternal character of God, the Saviour's love; surely the rudest heart may comprehend their meaning — the hardest must melt beneath their power.

Yet this change in my religious views has already subjected me to many and sore trials. It has exposed me to severe animadversion; it has called in question the purity of my motives and the soundness of my Christianity. My opinions are censured as bitterly as if free inquiry were a sin, and for the sincere convictions of an honest mind, I were answerable to man, and not at the tribunal of God. Cherished and valued friends looked coldly on me; the missionary brethren with whom I left my native land, united in a common purpose, and animated by the same zeal, now shrink from fellowship with me, denounce me as an apostate, and the church casts its ban upon my services and my name. And for what? my character has received no stain, my principles of duty are as comprehensive, my desire of usefulness, my wish to be spent in the service of humanity, as ardent as heretofore. I pray that I may ever meet these trials in the spirit of meekness and charity; I feel no resentment, I can only lament the bigotry which leads to such uncharitableness, and marvel at the presumption which assumes infallibility, and judges of all others, as if itself alone were right.

I did not formally announce my change of sentiments before we arrived at Ceylon; discussions could only be painful, and lead to restraint and embarrassment in the circumscribed limits of a ship's cabin. I have refunded all my own and Anna's expenses for the voyage, and I truly hope our places may be filled by faithful and devoted servants.

My own determination is unaltered by this change of circumstances. My path of duty seems plainly pointed out, and whatever may betide me, I can never regret that I have entered on a missionary life. I would bear on my heart the noble motto of the early Catholic missionaries: "I shall go, I shall never return," and may the same spirit of self-sacrifice and the indomitable perseverance which animated those devoted men, give energy and effect to my own humble labors.

When I look around me, in this old land of history and adventure, — rich beyond expression in the lavish gifts of nature, — my heart bleeds at the misery and degradation of its ignorant, deluded inhabitants. Yet even here, I feel assured there is a redeeming principle, a germ of that

spiritual life which God has given to every child of Adam, and which asks the ready sympathy, the cheerful aid, the fervent prayers of every Christian soul. I would say to all who have willing minds, "Come over and help us." For now, as in the days of the apostle, it may be asked, "How can they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear, without a preacher?" Would that those who live at ease, surrounded by social blessings and Christian privileges, could realize the multiform miseries of idolatry! surely they would feel that our Saviour's command, "Go ye and preach the Gospel to every creature," still retains its significance, and like all which fell from his lips, was not limited, but universal.

Tomorrow we shall leave Ceylon; and though conscious that we have been misunderstood and misjudged by our associates, it is painful to part from those with whom we long held friendly intercourse, and to remove ourselves entirely from all Christian sympathy and fellowship. Our individual efforts, with God's blessing, may produce some good; and though we cannot expect a harvest, perhaps even a solitary blossom, we may plant the seed which shall germinate and ripen for the future reaper. In Anna's serene and trusting faith, her cheerful fortitude and entire readiness to meet any trial in the path of duty, I find constant encouragement and support. We have obtained permission to reside on any of the islands which we may select, and shall choose one not already occupied by a missionary station. I send you, my dear sir, a variety of seeds and some few plants from this tropical region, for your conservatory; and when they expand, as I trust they may, in perfection, you can form some idea of the lavish beauty of the floral kingdom in these isles. May the time soon arrive when the spiritual growth shall be equally luxuriant!"

A few weeks later than the above date, Mrs. Maywood thus wrote:

"I wish my dear mother and sisters could look in upon us and see how snug and comfortable we are in our oriental housekeeping establishment. Everything is as primitive as in the patriarchal days, and the few little conveniences which I brought from home,—and how dearly I prize them because they speak of home!—are all in our menage, that can remind us of conventional life. Yet our little bamboo hut, shaded from the fervid sun by tall palmettos, and literally woven with creeping plants, twining their bright and aromatic flowers in every crevice, affords us all the shelter which the climate requires; and the not untasteful vessels for domestic use, carved from the gourd, cocoa, or formed of clay, moulded in graceful, antique shapes, begin to look as attractive in our eyes, as the rich plate and china which form an item in the profuse expenditure of your wealthy citizens.

We have chosen a pleasant and seemingly healthy residence in the midst of a populous island, only two days' distant from Ceylon. Near us is an old church almost in ruins, built more than two centuries ago, when the Portuguese came to possess these islands, bringing with them their indefatigable Catholic missionaries. It afterwards fell into Protestant hands, when the Dutch held dominion, and finally was abandoned, when Paganism again prevailed, after the accession of the English. We have been allowed to clear the rubbish from the desecrated spot, and most ardently do we pray that here the Gospel invitation may again be listened to, and find a response in many a willing heart.

This we may call our home ; but we shall not confine ourselves to any particular spot, but go wherever an opening can be found for the introduction of the truth. We wish to become familiar with the language and habits of the natives, to attract them to us, and lead them, if possible, into the pale of civilization. Christianity and civilization must go hand in hand : and till the outward condition is elevated somewhat above the brute creation, we may in vain seek to awaken the spiritual nature of man to a comprehension of the holy and divine.

We are making good progress in the native language, which begins to have a pleasant, familiar sound to us. It was our daily study with all the aid we could command from books, during the voyage ; and we have now an interpreter residing with us, an intelligent person, whose services are of great value. As yet he has been the organ of communication between us and the people ; but my husband already speaks with considerable fluency, and I trust will soon be able to conduct the public services alone. In our daily intercourse with the people, we can both make ourselves very well understood ; and we are glad to catch their attention, though it may be only vacant curiosity which prompts them to listen. Who can say that a word spoken in season may not bring forth fruit to eternal life ?

It is interesting, though painful, to enter the rude habitations of this people, and observe the habits of their domestic life, if that can be called *domestic* which is so far removed from all the comforts which we attach to that expressive word. We find them sitting cross-legged, on the hard earthen floor, perhaps eating their meal of rice and curry, the daily food, and conveying it to the mouth with their hands, in a most disgusting manner. The husband invariably eats first, and the wife is forced to content herself with what he chooses to leave, dealing a portion to the children ; and thus also in every respect, we find heathen woman,— not what she was designed to be, the help-meet for man,— but his abject, degraded slave. Should not the heart of every Christian female who values the blessings of her religion, which alone

has elevated her to an equality with man, glow with a generous wish to share such blessings with these degraded women, and thus raise them from mental and spiritual bondage?

Often they receive us hospitably and kindly, offering a portion of their food, which, however, they cannot partake with us, so strict are the obligations of caste; and in many other things gleams of a better nature break forth, showing that the original brightness is not wholly dimmed. But in general, the grossness of their lives,—their wide departure from the simplest dictates of natural rectitude, their blind worship of senseless and hideous idols, their apparent inability to comprehend even the first principles of religion, is truly disheartening. "Can these dry bones live?" we are often tempted to ask, with doubting hearts; and only a firm reliance on the Word of God, hope in his grace, and unwavering trust in the divinity of the human soul, could sustain us under so many discouragements."

"We still wait and watch," wrote Mr. Maywood, some months later, "and we gather encouragement from the friendly feeling which generally prevails among the people, though well aware that they often come to us from curiosity, the hope of gain, or some other selfish motive, and when they find we have no temporal gifts to bestow, some on whom we had most depended leave us and return to their idols. Patience and perseverance we greatly need; "line upon line and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," we are bound to give, till the heart is touched and the mind awakened to feel and receive the truths we would impart. I would carefully avoid those unnatural excitements, those sudden revivals, so systematically encouraged by many sects, but which generally end in disappointment, and can never be expected to produce lasting or beneficial effects on the ignorant and superstitious heathen. We have no reason to expect another day of Pentecost, nor can that great miracle find any parallel in the history of modern revivals. Wherever Christianity is planted, in a heathen land, its standard bearers must win their way meekly though firmly, dealing gently with prejudices, kindly with error, charitably with all infirmities; content to scatter the good seed in humble faith, praying that God's blessing may descend and water it for a future harvest.

Our little church stands invitingly open, every day of the week; morning and evening our prayers ascend from it, and to all who are willing to receive, we gladly impart instruction. On every Sabbath regular services are held, varying according to the wants and inquiries of the people, but always expounding in simple language the great truths of the Gospel, and especially dwelling on the love of

God, and the mercy of Jesus in his mission to mankind. I find it useful to place this attractive and comprehensive idea constantly before the minds of the people, and to avoid every question which can perplex their simple understandings, or confuse their imperfect reasoning powers.

I have seen the ill effects of an opposite course of teaching, and feel the necessity of avoiding it. Lately a native preacher, long connected with the mission at Ceylon, passed some days in this island, on his way to a distant station, and being here on the Sabbath day, he consented to lead the services of our little congregation. He had some natural eloquence, seemed fervent and sincere, and solicitous for the conversion of his brethren. But his preaching appeared to me but little calculated to effect the object he had so much at heart. Instead of a simple, direct appeal to the better natures of those whom he addressed, he propounded abstruse doctrines, clothed the Deity in the terrors of his wrath, and called on them to serve and love a Being who sacrificed his own son a peace-offering for the sins of mankind. He advanced his Trinitarian views as a matter of primary importance; but these, and the kindred doctrines on which he also laid great stress, were received with distrust, and caused no small perplexity to those simple-minded hearers.

Many of them, I found, supposed that the preacher — himself a convert from idolatry — still retained a veneration for the gods of his early faith; for to them a triune god seemed but a multiplication of deities; so great a stumbling block must this strange doctrine of early expediency ever be to the progress of true Christianity. It seems strange that every missionary does not perceive this at the very commencement of his labors — strange that he should attempt to initiate the simple and ignorant minds of such a people in the mysteries which the strongest and most cultivated intellects could never comprehend!

Surely it is enough to inculcate what Christ and his apostles clearly taught; and however the successors of those holy men may interpret the Scriptures, and whatever stress they may lay on doctrines of inference merely, it is certain from the whole tenor of the New Testament, that a belief in God as the Supreme Father, and in Jesus Christ as his Son and the intercessor, were the only doctrines which they insisted on as essential to salvation."

VISIT OF A SEXIGENARIAN TO THE HOME OF HIS YOUTH.*

MR. EDITOR—I have been some time travelling “the downhill of life,” by a gentle and not unpleasing descent, in company with my few surviving sexagenarian coevals. I have resided, since my early days, remote from the homestead of my progenitors, where I was born and reared to the period of my leaving home for college. Soon after receiving the benediction and diploma from my Alma Mater, my father was removed by death to the unseen world, and having subsequently, after the usual preparation, engaged in a profession that kept me somewhat stationary, the paternal estate, upon the death of an elder brother, having many years since been in the possession of new proprietors, and the dwelling in which I had passed my early days having no longer a place upon the farm, I had neither motive nor inclination to visit the premises. But as the late spring,—so called in the Almanac,—the cold weather extending to the verge of summer proving it to be a manifest misnomer,—had nearly expired, I was seized with a kind of passionate yearning to visit the scenes in which I had grown up from unconscious infancy to the stature and ordinary development of the physical energies, affections, aspirations and imaginings common to youth at the age of sixteen or seventeen years. I ascribe this strong yearning to visit once more the home of my boyhood to a vision, which on the approach of spring visited me in my slumbers, of the fine old orchard of large, vigorous and prolific apple-trees in front of my father’s house. The rich fragrance of the sea of blossoms that enveloped the trees, the humming of the bees that were loading themselves with the pollen and sweets of the flowers, the carolling of the robin and thrush, and the merry song of the bobolink, were all present in my dream, as they had been present to my waking senses, on the return of spring through the successive years of my residence at home during my spring-time of life. I said to myself, when I awoke, ‘Yes, I will go and pass a day in living over the delightful period of my boyhood and youth,—in going over the old paths, the fields, pastures and woodlands, the brook that winds through the meadows, the hill that overlooked the river, bounding the farm on the north, and fertilizing the valley through which it flowed; and I will sit down, as I was wont at the time of the

* We feel greatly indebted to the author of the following delightful sketch,—the venerable and respected pastor of one of the churches of a neighboring city.

blossoming of the apple-trees, in the orchard shade, and enjoy the reality of the shadowy ideal, which has so vividly impressed me in my dream.'

I accordingly set out on my pilgrimage just in time, as I calculated, to reach the place of my destination and find the fine old orchard in full blossom, as were the apple-trees on most of the farms I passed on my way. I journeyed alone, as I was going to visit scenes and to live for a day in a world which existed only for me, in the remembered pains or felicities of which I could find no one to bear me companionship or sympathy. Leaving my vehicle of conveyance upon the borders of the small country town, in which my paternal home was located, I walked musingly and leisurely, full of sweet and bitter reminiscences, towards the old homestead. I had to pass by the spot, where stood the school-house, and near by the meeting-house, in both of which I had passed so many hours of impatient, though most salutary restraint, that kept me from the sports or occupations, which I loved much better than the lessons to which I had to give no very loving heed, during those hours. I looked in vain for the old schoolhouse and church on the well-remembered sites which they occupied, when schoolboy-like I crept unwillingly to school, and often as unwillingly to church. They had vanished, and no schoolhouse was to be seen near the spot where the old one stood, though instead of the old meeting-house I counted three or four comparatively new ones, within 'a stone's throw or two of each other. Though something like a village had grown up in the place since my early days, I saw no evidence of so great an increase of population as to require so many houses of worship for their accommodation.

This change ought to have prepared me for the changes which I was to witness on my arrival at the spot, where once stood the buildings and rural appendages of my paternal homestead, and near by the orchard, which in my dream blossomed so freshly and sent out its fragrance so richly with its accompaniments of the cheerful music of the bees and the gay carollings of the birds.

The buildings, as I had been apprised, many years since, had been removed, and not a vestige was left to mark the spot where they stood, except a cavity in the ground which was once a cellar, now covered with greensward, in the centre of which had sprung up a young and thrifty tree from seed planted there by the birds of the air, or the winds of heaven. Of my orchard, alas! not a single tree remained, and only a solitary, decayed trunk and a stump or two, hardly distinguishable from the soil out of which they had grown, marked the broad enclosure it once covered and adorned with its spreading branches, garnished with their blossoms in spring, or bending with their golden fruit in autumn.

It had vanished, and existed only in my remembrance as it appeared in my dream. Just so the incidents, the companions, the joys and sorrows of my early days had vanished; yet all were vividly retained in retrospect, and I lived them over anew, while I sat beneath the shade of a fine large elm and ash in front of where the house had stood, which I remembered to have seen planted when saplings of an inch or two in diameter, by my elder brothers. They are now flourishing in their mature strength and beauty, while the once vigorous frames of my brothers have long since been mouldering in their graves. How should the orchard and its accompaniments have been so vividly present and real in my dream, when no longer existing? Is it that the images of all things that have given us intense delight or pain, are to exist in the mind and to constitute a portion of its conscious being, when their prototypes have vanished with the earth and the organized frame, which was the medium through which they were originally perceived by the mind? It would seem to be a law of our spiritual being, that the innocent joys and pure pleasures of our early days are vividly remembered and reverted to in our old days, while the pains and discomforts of that period are well nigh forgotten or faintly remembered, and cease at last to be recollected at all, at the same time that the former continue to be remembered with all the freshness and vivacity with which they were enjoyed during the happy periods of our childhood and youth. Have we not reason to hope that this law will accompany our conscious spirits in all the future stages of their immortal existence? The good remembered, the evil forgotten. I missed many other once familiar objects besides the old orchard; the whole surface and aspect of the large farm were greatly changed from what it was when I knew it in my boyhood. It had been divided and parcelled out to quite a number of different proprietors, as the population of the parish, which constituted one united flock under the ministry of my venerated spiritual father,—long since gone to his reward,—was now divided and parcelled out into four separate congregations under distinct sectarian names. They had their separate places of worship and different pastors,—each of them their separate Sunday school and sewing circle, their different creeds and hymn-books; in short, though with the same Bible, each had their own peculiarities, each zealously using the instrumentalities of religion in their own way. This, at first sight, might seem a lamentable change, since the entire population of the parish are scarcely sufficient to fill a house of ordinary dimensions, and to support one pastor respectably without the payment of his salary being a burden to any. While these divisions were in process of formation, and till the lines of demarkation were fixed, no doubt much ill blood and ill feeling

were generated and but too manifest in the alienations and estrangements which disturbed and embittered the intercourse of neighbors and the different members of families. These alienations and estrangements, I found at the time of my visit, were much softened and nearly done away. Like many similar changes that threatened only evil in the commencement, this has resulted in good. For as in parcelling out the old farm of my father into different sections, the proprietors of the several divisions bestowed upon them a more careful cultivation and made the whole domain more productive and fruitful, so the different religious denominations into which the old parish had been divided, by a more zealous and earnest attention to their religious interests and duties, had been made more temperate and generally moral in their deportment as they became more uniform and exemplary in their attendance upon the Sabbath at their several places of worship; and the whole community, as I was assured, had become more emulous to *approve the things that are excellent, and to abound more and more in the fruits of righteousness.*

As there had been much improvement since my boyhood in the modes and implements of culture upon the farm, so in the services and instrumentalities of religion there have been manifest and general improvements, such as better preaching, better hymns, better music, Sabbath schools, Bible-classes, and the like, not only in my native parish, but in most of the New-England parishes. I was sensibly and gratefully impressed by the evidence I saw before me, that as the same grounds yielded their increase under the cultivation of a single proprietor, so the same beneficent Creator caused them to yield an equal and, according to their improved cultivation, augmented increase under the management of many different proprietors; just as the spiritual husbandry, that was formerly neither barren nor unfruitful under one overseer was now as prosperous and productive, if not more so, under the several new ones. I found many old paths that were familiar and beaten tracks in my early days, nearly and in some directions wholly obliterated. Some of these were circuitous and intricate, which the new proprietors had ceased to use, having struck out others more direct and of easier access to the places to which they led. I could not fail to be reminded by these new pathways of the more direct and easier access of the penitent sinner to the mercy and forgiving love of our Heavenly Father which your preachers of the Unitarian faith have laid open to their brethren, compared with the old and *so called* Orthodox method of reconciliation, which represented God as inexorable and held back by his own law from showing mercy and forgiveness to the penitent sinner till he had exacted and received satisfaction for the transgressor's viola-

tion of his law from the vicarious sufferings and death of his innocent Son. God's mercy obtained by purchase, the blood of Jesus being the price, and then another condition, that of the sinner's believing in this contrivance, if I may so express it, as the only way by which he may become the object of this mercy, is certainly not a little circuitous and intricate, and differs essentially from the Unitarian doctrine of reconciliation as taught by Jesus himself in the parable of the prodigal son. The father there goes out to meet and welcome his returning, penitent child, prompted solely by his paternal affection for his lost son, now restored to favor, not by bargain and purchase, but by the free, gratuitous, forgiving love of the father.

I turned my steps towards a gentle slope that descended to the river where I remembered there had stood a fine grove of venerable oaks. Not one remained. They had long since given place to a young growth of vigorous, thrifty trees that seemed, like the new generation of active and efficient young men that I had met in my walk through the village, to stare at me as they gently waved their graceful arms and green foliage in the breeze, as much as to say, "Who are you? and what brings the gray-haired stranger to look upon us who know only the men that have grown up with us, whose homes are here, and who, like ourselves, are attached to their native soil?" I felt myself indeed a stranger and alone in the midst of a strange people "that knew not Joseph," to whom my father and myself were personages of history, whom the young members of the community had probably never heard named by their elders, if haply they had even been thought of by them since they had ceased to be dwellers in the place. "Truly," I said to myself, "the families of the earth are but for a day. There is for man no abiding home here. And there is no thing that endures more than a little while." My heart breathed a silent prayer to the Everlasting. "*Be nigh unto me, O Lord, and comfort me; for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were. Thou art my hope, and thou hast been my trust from my youth. Now, also, when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not, but keep me through faith by thy mighty power unto everlasting life.*"

I then turned away; and after pausing at the brook, where, with my earliest and dearest friend,—gone to his rest before me,—I used to play at "water-wheel," as we called it, and going over the haunts where we walked or sat together, and in our college vacations, and till we left our early homes for other scenes and interests, "we talked the flowing heart," and often held "communion high and dear," upon sacred things relating to the soul's destination and the life to come, which he no longer contemplates as we then did, "through a glass darkly," but

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As there had been much improvement since my boyhood in the modes and implements of culture upon the farm, so in the services and instrumentalities of religion there have been manifest and general improvements, such as better preaching, better hymns, better music, Sabbath schools, Bible-classes, and the like, not only in my native parish, but in most of the New-England parishes. I was sensibly and gratefully impressed by the evidence I saw before me, that as the same grounds yielded their increase under the cultivation of a single proprietor, so the same beneficent Creator caused them to yield an equal and, according to their improved cultivation, augmented increase under the management of many different proprietors; just as the spiritual husbandry, that was formerly neither barren nor unfruitful under one overseer was now as prosperous and productive, if not more so, under the several new ones. I found many old paths that were familiar and beaten tracks in my early days, nearly and in some directions wholly obliterated. Some of these were circuitous and intricate, which the new proprietors had ceased to use, having struck out others more direct and of easier access to the places to which they led. I could not fail to be reminded by these new pathways of the more direct and easier access of the penitent sinner to the mercy and forgiving love of our Heavenly Father which your preachers of the Unitarian faith have laid open to their brethren, compared with the old and *so called* Orthodox method of reconciliation, which represented God as inexorable and held back by his own law from showing mercy and forgiveness to the penitent sinner till he had exacted and received satisfaction for the transgressor's viola-

tion of his law from the vicarious sufferings and death of his innocent Son. God's mercy obtained by purchase, the blood of Jesus being the price, and then another condition, that of the sinner's believing in this contrivance, if I may so express it, as the only way by which he may become the object of this mercy, is certainly not a little circuitous and intricate, and differs essentially from the Unitarian doctrine of reconciliation as taught by Jesus himself in the parable of the prodigal son. The father there goes out to meet and welcome his returning, penitent child, prompted solely by his paternal affection for his lost son, now restored to favor, not by bargain and purchase, but by the free, gratuitous, forgiving love of the father.

I turned my steps towards a gentle slope that descended to the river where I remembered there had stood a fine grove of venerable oaks. Not one remained. They had long since given place to a young growth of vigorous, thrifty trees that seemed, like the new generation of active and efficient young men that I had met in my walk through the village, to stare at me as they gently waved their graceful arms and green foliage in the breeze, as much as to say, "Who are you? and what brings the gray-haired stranger to look upon us who know only the men that have grown up with us, whose homes are here, and who, like ourselves, are attached to their native soil?" I felt myself indeed a stranger and alone in the midst of a strange people "that knew not Joseph," to whom my father and myself were personages of history, whom the young members of the community had probably never heard named by their elders, if haply they had even been thought of by them since they had ceased to be dwellers in the place. "Truly," I said to myself, "the families of the earth are but for a day. There is for man no abiding home here. And there is no thing that endures more than a little while." My heart breathed a silent prayer to the Everlasting. "*Be nigh unto me, O Lord, and comfort me; for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were. Thou art my hope, and thou hast been my trust from my youth. Now, also, when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not, but keep me through faith by thy mighty power unto everlasting life.*"

I then turned away; and after pausing at the brook, where, with my earliest and dearest friend,—gone to his rest before me,—I used to play at "water-wheel," as we called it, and going over the haunts where we walked or sat together, and in our college vacations, and till we left our early homes for other scenes and interests, "we talked the flowing heart," and often held "communion high and dear," upon sacred things relating to the soul's destination and the life to come, which he no longer contemplates as we then did, "through a glass darkly," but

sees and knows,—so we believe,—even as he is seen and known by the spirits of light in God's heavenly presence,—I bade what I deemed a final adieu to the changed, and, in some parts, greatly improved premises of the old homestead. My thoughts, as I journeyed home-wards, dwelt long and tenderly upon the memory of my best-loved friend, and upon the singular vicissitudes, and, I may add, romantic fortunes, by which he was severely tried, thoroughly disciplined and prepared for a home in his Father's house in heaven, where, I humbly trust, he awaits my coming. Precious, therefore, to me, above all price, is the promise which the Father hath promised us by his Son, even eternal life.

“ For sad indeed 't would be to part
From those who long had shared our heart,
If God had left us still to fear
Love's only heritage were here.

But we shall meet, but we shall meet,
Where parting tears shall cease to flow;
And when I think thereon, almost I long to go.”

SENEX.

FIRST OF AUGUST.

BY REV. G. W. BRIGGS.

THIRTEEN years have passed since this day was made memorable by the commencement of the work of emancipation in the English West India Islands. Nine years ago that work was finished, and the day was consecrated forever by the complete liberation of 800,000 slaves. And why is not the whole Christian world moved to hail the anniversary of an event so great, so beneficent, with an irrepressible joy? The glory of the act belongs to England; but the power that accomplished it came from our common faith, and the hopes which it inspires shine out for the race. For, he who studies its history, will see that it was one of the great triumphs of Christian truth. It was a profound Christian sentiment, transcending all motives beside, overcoming the might of selfishness and interest, and the protracted opposition of government itself, which set those bondmen free. The national conscience uttered its rebuke in the name of Jesus, and no human power could withstand its sentence. The event was one fulfilment of the Saviour's prophecy,

that others still, far away from his fold, outcasts from human sympathy, like those whom the Jew despised, would hear his voice and enter the circle of human brotherhood until there should be one fold and one Shepherd. Once in Jerusalem a maddened people raised the cry, "Crucify him, crucify him;" and often beside, love and truth have been stricken down in violence and blood. But whenever we see a nation inspired by a deep sense of justice to do works which are worthy of the Redeemer's name, we should commemorate such moral victories with profound thanksgiving.

We are ashamed to hear the excuses which are occasionally assigned for a want of enthusiasm respecting this West India Emancipation. It is no credit to any man to be silent concerning it, because the English government has been guilty of great atrocities in much of its policy, or, because some imperfect motives may have been mingled with the agencies accomplishing this special measure. It is no credit to any man to taunt England to-day, in her pleadings for the abolition of human bondage, with her former sins, or to fling back the poor retort that slaves were introduced into this country by her instrumentality. Generous minds never detract from noble deeds in the life of individuals, or of nations, by carpings respecting their sins. Let us imitate England in her repentance, rather than perpetuate her crimes. Let us be magnanimous enough to appreciate the glory which belongs to her history, while we mourn for her shame.

This grand victory of freedom has a commanding claim to the intense thought of this whole nation. An increasing slavery blackens our own soil. Almost every man will admit it to be an *evil* of appalling magnitude and fearful tendency. Multitudes brand it as a *crime* against every law of nature and of God. But how can the problem of deliverance be solved? is the sad question in reply to every Christian remonstrance. West India emancipation claims to have solved such a problem once, in a mode as simple as it was divine. It spake, and it was done. When the clock began to strike for the hour of twelve, on the night of July 31, a nation of slaves knelt in their places of worship, and in their lowly dwellings. The next moment the fetters fell from their limbs, and the mingling shout of hallelujahs, the gush of prayer, from a nation of freemen went up to heaven. Can this great question, before which statesmanship and all worldly wisdom are confounded,—encompassed to many minds with visions of peril and violence and blood, almost too fearful to be imagined—can it be solved in an instant by the prevailing spirit of love? Will all the peril be past when the injustice ceases, and the emancipated hearts be bound to their deliverers by bands stronger than iron? Can an enslaved people be thus

placed at once in the sure path to all noble progress? How can we believe that this nation is awake to the woe and crime of its own slavery, or feels the desire for universal freedom which it imagines itself to cherish, until it studies the history and results of this emancipation, as one tortured, perishing with disease, investigates the claim of the physician who promises to restore him to perfect health? The comparison only degrades the subject. Unless man can show a clear necessity for such a continued violation of Christ's law of love — and the idea of a *necessity* for gross transgression can never be admitted in this universe of God — it is an appalling, an unpardonable sin.

It is good to meditate upon this triumph of freedom, also, to confirm our hope. We can repose in serene faith, at times, upon those words of Jesus which predict the complete victory of his truth. But the Eternal Rock seems fixed beneath our feet when we see any accomplishments of the prophecy. Transient doubts vanish then. It would not be fitting to celebrate such a moral victory with noise or tumult. It was too holy for that. No noise or violence attended its progress or completion. It was soiled by no drop of blood. It was nobler than our own national deliverance, not only in the means of its accomplishment, but in its very nature. We fought for ourselves and for our children. This was a gift to an alien and degraded race. It was one verification of the angel's song at the Saviour's birth. And we should rejoice with the same subdued, religious joy in which we should listen with ravished ears, were the same heavenly song to salute our wondering souls. We are sure that it is a sin to sit down in insensibility over such a victory of Christian truth.

These thoughts lead us irresistibly to meditations respecting our own national slavery. We do not wish to check that impulse. For the sake of patriotism, we cannot be at rest to have our own Country still dooming the bondman to his chain, while England is giving him emancipation. For Christ's sake, we cannot forget this utter violation of his unchanging law. When shall the trumpet of jubilee be sounded in this land, as it has already gladdened the islands of the sea? One or two considerations, therefore, drawn in some degree from the present aspects of the question, which seem now to command our action and our speech, we wish to suggest.

Waiving all higher views for the moment, we say, in the first place, that we are bound now to plead for universal freedom, to be faithful to the original National Compact, and preserve it from fearful violation. We know that we are stating the precise reason which many urge to command our silence. Yet we believe the position to be impregnable. What was the original compact in respect to slavery? It was *not* that

slavery should continue through successive generations. Much less was it that slave-institutions should strike a deeper root into the soil, and overshadow broader territories as years rolled by. Slavery was to remain for a brief period, with the distinct expectation on the part of every man in that day, of its speedy and absolute extinction. It was permitted to live for a season, to prepare itself to die. We cannot give this topic a proper discussion. We can only say that the particular proofs are very numerous, and the whole evidence is irresistibly clear. The omission of the word "slave," in the Constitution, its silence in regard to any specific recognition of slavery, speaks aloud to tell us it was designed to be a prospective instrument, applying to existing circumstances; but looking on to a time when slavery should cease to be. Its framers did not defile it by inserting a word which they hoped would soon cease to be heard. The limitation of the slave trade to a fixed date, is conclusive proof of the same fact. The annihilation of the slave trade was then supposed to be a fatal blow to slavery itself. The philanthropists of England confined their efforts to that point, at first, in the same mistaken view. Indeed, it is only within a few years that this error has passed away. We have but lately learned that the root of the evil is in the slave-system and not in the traffic; that the traffic cannot cease until the system falls. The tone of the debates at the same period, confirms this position. Men from the South said that the idea of property in man must not be recognized. Some anticipated the quick overthrow of all human bondage. Those who contended for its transient continuance, only labored to avert for a time a result which they supposed to be as sure as the coming years. And if further evidence may be desired, the perpetual prohibition of all slavery in the territory northwest of the Ohio,—the whole territory then belonging to the country,—with only one dissenting vote, the immediate formation of Anti-Slavery Societies by some of the framers of the Constitution itself, the speedy extinction of slavery in many of the States, are enough to banish every shade of doubt. There was one sad mistake in the action of the noble men of that time, in the admission of any compromise with slavery in any form. Yet we can imagine how that step presented itself to their minds. They were sincere in their love of freedom, and they could not conceive that they were thus opening a gate to admit such a flood of woe. We imitate their fault and forget all other aspects of their action. Not in defiance or in anger, but in justice to our fathers' memory, and for the sake of freedom, we throw back the charge of falseness to the compromise, in any of our pleadings against this national slavery. We are as recreant to our fathers, as we are to the law of love, when we connive, in any way, at its ex-

tension, or cease to oppose it by all legitimate and peaceful weapons. Every act of legislation designed to strengthen this institution, each admission of a new State in which it is established, each demand of the South for silence, lest it should be endangered, is the true violation of the compact. We are not conscious of our own degeneracy. It has crept upon us unawares. Each successive step in our compromisings has seemed but slight, yet the result has led us to a sad remove from the love of freedom once inspiring the nation. One of the great triumphs of eloquence in the speeches of a distinguished living orator, consists in the revival of the very thoughts and life of the chief champion of the Declaration of Independence, in the discussions concerning its adoption ; so that we almost believe we are hearing his own burning, immortal words, when we read what he is imagined to have said in that solemn debate. If the same magic power could clothe in living words the enthusiasm for freedom of our early history, we should find that we, like many before us, may build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and yet be false, all the while, to their spirit and their deeds. Veneration for the fathers commands us to roll back this tide of degeneracy, that we may be loyal to the lives of those whose names we honor.

Indeed, on this point, stronger ground may be assumed. Let this national compact be far more strictly interpreted, still, the South itself, by its own action, has opened the door to all our remonstrances against its slaveries, and constrained us to their utterance. There was no compact for the *extension* of the slave system, by men who ordained its perpetual exclusion from every inch of territory in which it was not already established. That extension is a new question, sheltered by no such precedent. The whole discussion of the merits of the system to be thus extended, is instantly opened by this new demand. That discussion must be pursued, though it shake down every tower and battlement of slavery itself. Nay, more ; we say to the defenders of the slave system, When you ask us to aid in endeavors to uphold and strengthen it, you give us the jurisdiction and control which you have heretofore denied. You abrogate the compact whose benefit you have so loudly claimed. Is it to be admitted that no action concerning slavery can be allowed, except that which upholds its dominion ? Are we only to be suffered to build its towers of defence, to bring new regions under its lash and its curse, to strive for its eternal duration ? May we only be allowed to forge fetters for human limbs ? Is this the compact of a land of freedom ? The liberty to build up, implies a jurisdiction which may be rightfully used to assail. If you invite our interference, we can say to the South, a power may come to do works of freedom

rather than of tyranny. When the compact is thus annihilated, we are left free on that ground alone, were there no higher rule of action, to be true to liberty. Nay, self-defence may soon demand this at our hands, unless we are willing to be nothing but the abettors of a system of bondage. We wondered that this line of argument was never presented, in words to chill the heart of every advocate of slavery, in the discussion of the great measure of Texan annexation. Men sat in the national councils who could have unfolded such views with an almost invincible force. We listened anxiously to hear that tone of remonstrance. Alas, it was not heard! But what legislators did not say, the people shall yet affirm, in a voice more powerful than that of human law, when they awake to their true position in regard to this holy cause of human freedom. Sad will be the disappointment of those who are so fanatical in their labors for slavery, when they find that in their fanaticism they have destroyed their trusted defence. Sad will be their disappointment, when they find that the power which enacts, resolves to repeal. Yet it will not be the first instance in human history, in which vaunting ambition has overleaped itself, and only dug its grave, while it imagined itself to be laying the foundations of its throne.

But we advert to one more reason why the land should resound with pleadings for freedom, which is independent of all our interpretations of national compacts, and even of those compacts themselves. We plead the call of eternal justice; the holy claim of brotherhood, illustrated and sealed upon Calvary. We know of no compacts which can set that aside. We cannot find space to discuss the questions which are suggested here. Indeed, they need no discussion, until we shall resolve to abrogate these laws of God. We do not stop to inquire what our duty will be, if this Union must uphold the system of slavery against all pleading and remonstrance in the name of freedom and of Christ. We have only one question to propose respecting the position in which those place the national Union, who claim that slavery shall be thus sheltered and cherished beneath its guardianship! Who is it that endangers this Union? Who destroys the sanctity of the Constitution? He who weds them to injustice and oppression. Has not tyranny created its own avenging foes in all ages? What produced the revolution in which we glory, and all that overturning of once venerated authority? What but the infringements of sacred human rights? Tyranny is suicidal forevermore. When men cast themselves madly against the eternal truths of God, they must be swept on to their self-inflicted doom, as one who plunges into the raging cataract is whirled into instant destruction. And what do you hope to do, we say also to

those who represent the idea of universal freedom and the Constitution to be in such direct opposition? Can you circumvent God's law? Can you hold this divine instinct of freedom in check by your feeble hand? As well might man expect to build his dwelling upon the heaving crater of the volcano, and smother the omnipotent forces of nature which are working there. If legislation be based upon injustice, blame not those who plead against it, as the destroyers of its sacredness. You have no foe but yourself. The law of God, in the world of nature, and in the affairs of nations, as well as in the secret soul, must execute its appointed ministries.

And if, at any time, the sentiment of freedom rise up against oppression in a seeming extravagance of zeal, no cry of fanaticism will cure its excesses or obstruct its action. Doubtless excesses have always attended great movements against the world's wrongs; the grand crusades for holy truth. Perhaps they always must. The first clear apprehension of a divine principle seems to be more than humanity can really bear. We are partially blinded by its dazzling brightness. A divine madness verges upon us. But what is the proper inference when men are thus borne away by vehemence of zeal, swayed to and fro by the breath of mighty feeling, as the branches are swayed by the winds sweeping through the forests? Not that these are transient excitements merely! Some tremendous agency must be present to stir the deep sea of human feeling, as nothing but the might of the storm can agitate the ocean's depths. A divine truth is there which is not to be overlooked or repressed. The cry of denunciation will not overcome any fanaticism which may really exist. We never conquer such excesses until we obey the demand of truth. Resistance only blows the flame into redoubled fierceness. Victory is gained when justice is secured, as the mists which the sun creates are scattered soon by his increasing beams.

Nothing is so needful, at this moment, as a faithful, untiring remonstrance on the part of *every man* who can see its enormity, against the slavery which already exists, as well as against every proposition for its extension over wider regions. Let that remonstrance be made in all the gentleness of Jesus, but let it also be made in the inflexibility of his unchanging love. The question cannot otherwise be rightly presented to the public mind. We do *not* believe, indeed, that men regard it as a political topic alone, when they object to these Christian remonstrances. They seek, rather, to silence reproof, or evade its force. But we have not learned, as yet, to view it singly from the high standard of Christian duty, above all political interests or combinations. We have not yet learned that unrighteousness is never to be baptized into

the sphere of political action, and thus escape the application and rebuke of God's eternal law, any more than it shall escape the coming judgments. Let the public conscience be quickened to shake the nation by the humiliations of its penitence. None of us *realize* the enormity of this system of slavery. Familiarity has deadened the sense of its guilt. Were another class of our brethren to be now systematically doomed to a degradation wearing even the semblance of slavery, society would be rocked by its moral indignation, as the solid ground by the earthquake's power. The whole civilized world was thrilled with horror, a few years ago, by the story of a poor youth, immured from childhood in a dungeon, until he was reduced to idiocy by that atrocious tyranny. All men stood aghast at such a possibility of injustice in human nature. But when we consider the sacred claims of humanity which it outrages, we see that slavery really does for millions, what that injustice did for one. And still we slumber in comparative insensibility!

Do not let the poor reply be made, that those who plead for Christian truth will lose their influence in the world, by solemn, faithful remonstrance against such a sin as this. They lose their influence when they do *not* remonstrate. Public evils, if long unassailed, assume a moral right to exist; and their upholders put on an air of offended virtue, as though some great injustice were committed, when they hear a Christian rebuke. The pulpit can never lose its power, except by unfaithfulness to its trust. We do not wish, indeed, that discussions respecting slavery should absorb all our thought. But we do propose, and, in the name of human nature and of Jesus, we have a right to demand, that the remonstrance should be so distinct, so clear, that men would as soon believe Christianity could tolerate the crimes punished by human law, as a system of human bondage.

What other agency can secure its overthrow? And how long shall we delay? How many times shall we compromise with the claims of slavery, in the expectation of deliverance through such connivances? How many annexations of slave territory shall we suffer, when every such annexation not only extends the system, but tends to convert the regions where it has been long established, into places in which slaves are raised for the markets, and thus establish a traffic immeasurably more revolting than the slave trade itself, which we long ago rejected with horror. There is no deliverance, but rather a continually deepening shame, in measures like these. The divine appeal must be made to the conscience, till we resolve never to suffer another hair's breadth of extension to slave institutions; till a moral sentiment is aroused which shall sweep all actual slavery from the land forever. Let no

man faithlessly ask *how* this can be accomplished. When we once feel that something *must* be done, the same God who inspires that feeling, shall show us the way of deliverance. Men always find the means of escape from what they feel, in the depths of the conscience, to be a fearful sin. Let us labor for that conviction first, and a day shall yet be consecrated to universal freedom in this nation's history, to give new inspiration to the hopes of the race.

THE MOTHER'S LAW.

A TOKEN OF RESPECT TO NEW-ENGLAND MOTHERS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

A SERMON,* BY REV. CHANDLER ROBBINS.

PROVERBS i. 8. Forsake not the law of thy mother.

THESE words point attention not only to the duty of the child to the mother, but also to the power of the mother over the child ; to the influence which she may and ought to exert over her offspring, and to the great secret of rendering that influence salutary, controlling and permanent. In the command to the son not to forsake his mother's law there is implied the duty of the mother to *have* a law, and to enjoin and enforce it — to have a law worthy of respect and worthy of obedience — not to bring up her children without system, loosely, carelessly, irregularly, variably ; but to have certain fixed principles and rules for their discipline and nurture.

If the mother is judicious enough to *have* a law, there is hardly any reason to fear that that law will not be in the main wholesome and good. For it is not to be supposed that any mother would studiously, on reflection, and by her own deliberate choice, adopt for the management of her children a set of principles essentially unworthy, immoral, injurious. There is sufficient security against such a result in human nature itself. Every mother, so far as she deliberates at all concerning her obligations, and arranges any system for the government and education of her family, will, undoubtedly, prefer right principles to wrong, and lay down good rules rather than bad. The danger is, either that she may not reflect wisely and seriously, may not give sober and discriminating

* Preached on the Sunday after the funeral of Mrs. Mehitable Story, mother of the late Judge Story, and widow of Dr. Elisha Story ; who died in East Boston, August 9, 1847, aged 89.

thought to the important subject of education, may not studiously form any definite plan ; or, that, having adopted certain rules, she may not adhere to them steadily, resolutely ; having formed a good system, may not carry it into effect patiently and firmly.

If these remarks be true, then two brief sentences comprise the sum of a mother's duty in the discipline of her children, and involve the main requisites to its successful result ; first, *have a law* ; secondly, *enforce it*. Have the best, wisest, highest law you are able to frame ; and having, keep it, adhere to it, execute it.

Look where we will, we shall find the position verified, that all mothers who have been eminently successful in bringing up their families, have fulfilled these two conditions : — they have been wise enough to have a law, and they have had strength of character enough to enforce it. Nor is the necessary wisdom of which I speak of difficult attainment. It is not to be gathered from many books. It does not depend upon the examination and comparison of elaborate systems and finely woven theories. It does not require copious knowledge or recondite study. It is simple. It is within the reach of even moderate intellects of moderate culture. Its principles are plain. Its maxims are few. It is mastered by every honest mind and right heart. It reveals itself to every woman who consults her own reason and conscience and affections, her own observation and experience, in connexion with the clear instructions of holy Writ. It is manifest to every mother who has but a sincere desire to understand her duty, and the will faithfully to discharge it.

It is not possible to estimate too highly the value or the influence of maternal law. It is the most powerful of all human law, and when it is wisely framed, the most beneficial. It is the first law that is applied to a being constituted to be the subject of law, and which from its earliest days *must* be under some external governing influences, either good or bad, or both good and bad. If no positive law or system of moral management is made to operate steadily and constantly upon the nature of the child, its development will, of course, be uncertain, irregular, fortuitous. *Habits*, of whatever character they may chance to be, will become law to it ; and any accidental influences will give it shape and direction. The great desideratum is to bring the moral being, from the very first, directly under the powerful control of right rules, to make it feel these right rules more decidedly, more strongly and more constantly, than all other influences, so that they shall be to it from the beginning as far as possible the sovereign law, from which there must be no departure and can be no appeal. All hope for any human being de-

pends upon this one thing, his being voluntarily and regularly subject, at some period, to the law of right, the law of God. If he is not early, he must be later, or his life will be a failure, and worse than a failure. But if he has not been early brought under the dominion of this law, how difficult to make him yield to it as age advances! Here then, is the mother's province; an office how solemn, how exalted!—to bring this new-born subject of the moral and immortal kingdom of God into conformity and obedience to the immutable statutes of that kingdom; to transcribe and digest and simplify the principles of the eternal laws of righteousness, and teach and illustrate and apply them in the discipline of her babe.

The more I contemplate society, with a Christian's regard to the means which God has provided for the improvement and well being of his children, the more profoundly am I impressed with the dignity and importance of the sphere he has assigned to the mother, with the greatness of her responsibilities, the might of her influence. Whence are those orderly, industrious, exemplary, virtuous young men and young women, who, wherever we meet them, are the true ornament, the strength, the glory, the hope of the world? With hardly an exception, you could trace the moral beauty of their characters, the strength of their principles, the very form and hue of their virtues, back to the mother's counsels, and the mother's prayers. Other influences have operated, indeed, to shape their characters; other instructors have helped to unfold and train them; but these have, for the most part, been only secondary and subsidiary; the good mother, under God, has been behind and above, and in the midst of them all—the primary agent, the chief directing and controlling power. And long after they have gone from beneath her hand and her eye, like some presiding genius, some guardian angel, her influence has attended them in their course; soothed them to prayerful meditation at night; animated them to worthy endeavor in the morning; breathed pure and virtuous energy into the will through the conscience that has become familiar with her law; presided unseen over the studies of the school and the diversions of the playground; walked with them in the streets; led them to the church; kept them from evil; urged them to good.

I never look upon the virtuous young—the fairest spectacle on earth—as they walk orderly, neat, pure-eyed, and with the clear signet of innocence on their brows—some to their schools, some to their stores and workshops, and all regularly on the Sabbath to the house of God—unstained through the defilements that lie in their paths, unharmed in the midst of the city's snares, that the feeling does not rise of gratitude

and honor towards those retired ministers of our Heavenly Father, who, screened from worldly observation and applause behind the curtains of domestic privacy, are sending forth into all the paths of duty these fair processions, to which we hopefully look to bless and renew the world, and lead future generations to heaven.

Who shall tell a mother's value? Who shall speak of a mother's love? Not the children who are enjoying *now* her presence and her care. Fondly as they may love their mother, they do not fully realize her price. Let those of us speak, whose tears have sprinkled a mother's grave. Let those feel, whose hearts have garnered up the pleasing and sacred recollections of all she did and said and suffered. Let those declare, who have thought over and over, in the solitude of the night her every tone and look, her every word of counsel, reproof, solace, encouragement, her thousand nameless services of kindness; whilst, through each and all of these countless signs, they have been year after year arriving at a more distinct and thorough understanding of the exceeding depth and riches of her love. Let those tell, who cannot go now, as of old, to be soothed in pain and sorrow on her consoling breast; who go abroad without her benediction and return homeward without her welcome; who hear no longer the music of her soft step as she comes to their pillow for the nightly kiss; or listens, in her watchfulness, at the chamber door to assure herself that her child is in peace. Let them disclose her value, who, when heated and worn with the passion and labor of life, yearn in vain to retreat at evening to the tranquillizing, hallowing influence of her fireside. Let those tell with what deep and devoted love a mother is to be loved, who, remembering all her services to them, remember also the poor, too poor returns they made to her; but which, they think, if she could only be restored to them once more, they would atone for. O, by what jealous tenderness, what holy zeal of filial duty, what constant care to gratify her heart by the exercise of every virtue enjoined upon them in her faithful law!

You that have mothers living to bless you, and whom it is still in your power to make happy by your attentions and to honor by your good deeds; whilst you thank God that they are yet spared to you, and pray that it may be long ere they depart, pray also with the most earnest prayer — and second the petition with your most faithful purpose — that He will make you more sensible of the value of his goodness that shines upon you in their love, and aid you to reward their kindness by the gentleness of your own hearts and the pureness of your own lives.

The loss of a good mother cannot be estimated, cannot be repaired. But the power of her law can never be lost. It survives her departure.

It is felt long after she has gone. Its hold upon her children lasts as long as their life ; and children's children feel its sway. I have sometimes imagined that her law is strengthened and her influence heightened after her decease. Often the thought is salutary and the impression strong, that she is still spiritually near to her children, and permitted, in ways to us unknown, to exert some influence over them for their good. She is often regarded as if she were still watching their goings, still interested in their well-being, still pleased with their virtues. But whether this idea be cherished by the motherless or not, it is certainly probable that a peculiar sacredness, an augmented authority, will be attached in the mind of a child to the remembered commands and requests of a departed mother.

But those have always seemed to me to be privileged more highly than they can understand, whom God permits to keep their mother with them till her late old age ; till her children themselves, or even her grandchildren become parents ; till she becomes the centre of the affections of a large circle of descendants of several generations, who gather around her from time to time, in smaller or larger groups, to pay her the respect and the gratitude that are her due ; who listen attentively to her tales of olden time ; who bring to her intelligence of all that is passing in the world or affecting themselves, that is likely to be interesting to her ; who come to her still for counsel ; who listen reverently to her sage precepts ; who always find her at her own fireside, quiet, dignified, yet with an unchilled heart, and a cheerful welcome for them all ; who bring to her their infants for her blessing, while on every one of them she looks with feelings of pride and love. Such children and such mothers also — if free from the more distressing infirmities of age — enjoy one of this earth's most enviable lots.

We are never ready for our mother to be separated from us. However old and infirm she may be, however merciful it may seem to our sober judgment that she should at length come to her grave ; the good heart can never be quite prepared for the sundering of that sweetest tie, for the closing of those dear eyes, for the putting away of that most beloved form. So much goes when she departs ! So many tender associations break up ! So many clinging affections lose their old prop ! So many beautiful visions dissolve ! and only vacancy remains to us where, yesterday, was the living centre of our most engaging cares, our most satisfactory enjoyments, our earliest and most precious recollections.

But the theme itself of my remarks would remind me, if there were nothing occasional to do so, of a class of mothers of which the

representatives are becoming every year more and more rare, and consequently more and more precious, amongst us. A more virtuous and noble race of women never lived, than the New-England mothers of the last century, specimens of whom still lingering to our day, all of us have occasionally seen, some have more intimately known. Individually, their virtues and their services cannot receive public recital. Their names, with but few exceptions, cannot be perpetuated on the pages of history by the side of those of their husbands, their brothers and their sons, who fought the battles of our Revolution, and laid the foundation of our free institutions and national greatness. But they are well worthy of such commemoration. They might claim an equally honorable remembrance. The part they performed for securing our liberties and influencing the destinies of this country, though necessarily less conspicuous, was hardly less important. They too were called to great sacrifices, and they made them nobly. They had their full share of toils and trials, and they endured them bravely and patiently. They participated with the best patriots in all their deepest solicitude for their country. They felt no inferior interest in all its political affairs. They kept themselves thoroughly informed upon all matters of public moment. They were many of them in the counsels of their husbands as to important plans and measures. They animated the actors in great and trying emergencies by their patriotic zeal; aided them by their sound judgment; stimulated them by their spirit and example to noble deeds.

We would never be unmindful of our debt to them; who nursed our great and good men; who instilled into them those virtuous principles which lay at the foundation of their greatness; whose hearts were always warm with a generous ardor for freedom and the rights of man; whose hands were never idle, whose prayers never languished, at their country's or humanity's call. We lament that as a race they are fast passing away. We lament that we are to lose the influence of their presence and their principles in days when they are needed so much. We mournfully take leave of every one of them. They were indeed a noble race! For quality and quantity of intellect and character, it would be sufficient praise to the women of the present or of any generation to call them *their* peers. Women they were of vigorous mind, strong will, quick and high sense of right, indefatigable industry, exemplary prudence, true dignity, austere virtue, indomitable love of freedom, deep, life-pervading religious principle.

Such were their prominent traits — may I not be permitted to say? — as they were beautifully and strikingly brought together and exhibited

in one venerable relic of their once large company, who recently left this world from which nearly all her generation had gone before her—almost the last in their long procession—to stand in her lot again, as we firmly trust, with her old compeers, in those scenes of glory where the just made perfect shall commune and rejoice forever.

It would not become me, in this place, minutely to describe her life; it is not necessary that I should pronounce her eulogy. The record of the mother's life is on the tablet of her children's memory, and *her eulogy is pronounced wherever that of her son is spoken.*

It is told to the honor of the great Lord Bacon, that he felt he could never repay his obligations to her who had directed his studies as well as nourished his virtues; that he delighted to speak of her through life, and in his will left the injunction, "Bury me in St. Michael's church, for there was my mother buried."

Let it also be told of the great American Jurist, whose fame is as pure and will be as enduring as that of England's renowned Chancellor, that it was his request also, that the remains of his mother should be laid close to his own at Mount Auburn, that their dust might mingle in the grave, whose hearts had been so tenderly united on earth, and whose spirits should be as one in heaven.

Happy mother, who enjoyed the faithful obedience and abiding love of such a son! Happy son, who enjoyed the discipline and received the blessing of such a mother! Like the good and the great of every age he kept his mother's law and it led him to honor. She, by her fidelity through the quiet years of his domestic education, helped to weave the crown of his mature and public life, and he by his manly virtues, twined a perennial wreath to adorn her memory.

It is not every mother who can hope to be honored by so illustrious a son. Such talents and such opportunities as his are allotted to but few of any age. But the promise to the virtuous woman shall not fail. She shall be blessed in her children. The law of her lips and the law of her life shall stamp their characters with the impress of her own goodness—shall guide in the paths of wisdom, which are the paths of peace—shall bring them to honor on earth, or lead them to glory in heaven.

THE STRIVINGS OF THE SPIRIT.

BY S. W. JEWETT.

Oh worldly cares! why haunt my spirit thus?
Why drag me down as with an iron chain,
Clogging my footsteps whereso'er I go,
Till life seems but a lengthening march of pain?

Oh grief! why comest thus, an unasked guest,
To the lone chambers of my secret heart,
Which I would consecrate to holy rest,
Thence stealing from the noisy world apart?

And memory—Ah, why with magic wand
Call up the pale, wan ghosts of vanished days,
Pulseless and soulless, mournfully to stand,
As if to mock me with their marble gaze?

I would be happy,—for my spirit feels
That joy, God-sent, was man's primeval friend,
His inmost life; that heavenly light reveals
The destiny to which all life should tend.

I would look out upon the face of earth,
The promise of the spring-time, and the round
Of the glad seasons as a ceaseless birth
And influx of the love that hath no bound.

I would in lofty aims and purpose high
Forget that human life hath food for tears,
And send my soul into futurity,
To feed its longings, and allay its fears.

I would learn patience with another's wrong,
Be hopeful though no voice should whisper hope;
Wrestle with cares till they should make me strong
With every form of human ill to cope.

Ah! what I would do scarcely dare I name,
So feebly do my deeds enact my will;
Soaring in thought—yet still in act the same—
My spirit fettered in its prison still!

THE OUTWARD AND THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

As day after day, and week after week passes away, amid the common routine of life, there are moments, in the experience of every individual, when the spirit retires as it were into itself, and the question forces itself upon the mind with a power which will not be resisted, What is this strange phenomenon which we call Life? Is it enduring, or transitory; an event of mere outward significance, or something which has eternal results indissolubly connected with it? Is it only that which it appears to the outward eye, or is there a deep spiritual significance attached to its every scene and event?

By some, we fear indeed by many, it is regarded solely as something outward, as little better than a mere animal existence. They glide quietly along the stream, caring little whither the current is leading them, and taking little note of the mighty energies at work in and around them. To such, life may well seem tame and uninteresting; if every hope and fear is limited to mere earthly comfort and prosperity, if every desire and affection is fixed only upon what is perishing and transitory, well may existence be regarded rather as a curse than a blessing. To such the apostle well said that "to be carnally minded is death," — death to every hope and affection, death to all that is elevating and holy, death, eternal death to the whole soul. What then is Life? We would answer in the apostle's words, — "to be *spiritually* minded." Whoever will truly study his own mind will find there a depth of feeling and extent of powers, a capacity for progress, before unknown to him, or thought to belong only to the favored few. It is for these he is to live, — not for aught that is merely outward; to cultivate, to ennable these is to be his constant aim, and to form the chief end of his existence. To be conscious of his every power and faculty, and to bring out and model each in its true perfection, is not this life, and work for the longest life, yea, even for eternity? To love with a pure and holy love all our fellow men of every state and condition, to feel for all as for a brother or friend, to have every affection sanctified and purified, to have that deep reverence and holy love to God as our Father which shall cast out every fear, to have Christ formed within, to have that firm faith and trust which shall support the soul amid the darkest scenes of life, to have a perfect confidence and submission to infinite wisdom and goodness — is not this work for life? Is it not enough to excite every power of the mind to fill every moment with active duty and watchfulness, to cast away all feelings of weariness?

Mortal force is indeed weak and vain for this great work, but may it not be performed in the strength of Him, who has commanded the affections "to be placed on things above"? May we not do all things through Christ strengthening us?

To one thus minded every thing in nature and man is seen with a spiritual eye; a depth of meaning is discerned in the very trees and rocks and waterfalls,—a spirit of life and love breathing through all the universe, animating and exciting all things. To him the veil which is cast over the outward is removed, and a world of spiritual beauty and harmony is revealed, and in man, in the very humblest child of earth, he discovers something beyond the mere external form, for he sees and acknowledges the same spirit of power and might, the power to love and know, to become pure and holy.

We often hear the expression, "Life is given us to prepare for eternity," as if the present and future comprehended two distinct modes of existence; but when we first receive the gift of life do we not *then* enter upon eternity? Can death create any essential change in our being? Is it not rather an incident of life, an unfolding of the higher and more spiritual capacities of our nature? And when we see of what advances the soul is capable during the short period of its existence here, when we discern within it the germ of so many noble powers, feelings and affections, we feel that it could not have been created by a Being of infinite love, to exist only for a few fleeting years, to occupy itself only with the transitory, outward events of daily life, without any reference to a higher or more spiritual existence. On the contrary these very capacities bear in themselves a strong proof of their immortality. And yet how little do we feel it! How little do we understand or realize the deep meaning of this word,—immortality! An endless existence, a boundless field of effort and progress, a spirit that can never die! O, why do we so little heed it? Why bind down the strongest efforts, the holiest affections to the passing things of earth? Why think so much of the outward shrine, compared with the spirit that *should* sanctify it? Why so neglect the only true end of life,—that of becoming more and more spiritually-minded?

Let us then no longer rest in mere sluggish indifference and worldliness, but with sincere purposes of obedience, and an earnest desire for a higher and better life, commence *now* and *here*, those efforts for progress and advancement, through which the soul, when divested of its earthly tabernacle, when passed beyond the bounds of space and time, shall ever press onward in a never ending course of progress and advancement, of love and holiness.

H. M.

FAREWELL.

I could not say farewell! when last
I took thy friendly hand;
The thrilling memories of the past
Came like a charmed band,
And sealed my trembling lip while fears
Lay on my heart like unshed tears.

Now every leaf upon the tree,
Each dying flower and vine,
Speaks to my waiting soul of thee
Whose dear hand once in mine
Lay nestled like a' bird at even,
Safe sheltered from the dews of heaven!

There was no weakness on thy brow,
No paleness on thy cheek,
No tears to dim those eyes' soft glow,
No accent broken, weak,
When the last moment of the hour
Bore thee from friendship's sacred bower.

But in thy heart of hearts how deep
The pang of parting lay,
Hidden in darkness, not in sleep,
To dim thy future way,
And draw thee back by countless chains
To friendship, love, and native plains!

How sweet that He, upon whose crown
The clustering stars are set,
Can guard thee lest thy feet go down
Where night and death are met!
My heart still trembles at the spell
That lingers round the word Farewell!

H. J. W.

INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATION AT WINDSOR, VT. — Mr. S. Saltmarsh of the Cambridge Theological School, was ordained at Windsor, July 28, 1847. The services were as follows: — Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Forbes of Chester, Vt.; Selections from Scripture, by Rev. Mr. Pope of Kingston, Mass.; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Gray of Boston; Prayer of Ordination, by Rev. Mr. Crosby of Charlestown, N. H.; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Barrett of Boston; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Ware of Cambridgeport; Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Pope of Kingston; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Newell of Pomfret, Vt. — A collation was served to a social assembly in the afternoon, at which interesting addresses were made, and in the evening there was public worship at the church, conducted by Rev. J. F. W. Ware.

ORDINATION OF AN EVANGELIST. — On Sunday evening, August 1, 1847, Mr. Frederick R. Newell was ordained as an Evangelist, at the Unitarian Church in Cambridgeport. The exercises were in the following order: — Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Whitney of Brighton; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Stebbins of the Meddville Theological School; Prayer of Ordination, by Rev. Dr. Pierce of Brookline; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Clarke of Boston; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Newell of Cambridge.

INSTALLATION AT BELFAST, ME. — The Installation of Rev. M. A. H. Niles over the Unitarian Society at Belfast, took place August 11, 1847. The services of the day were conducted in the following order: — Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Wheeler of Topsham; Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston; Installing Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Cole of Hallowell; Charge to the Pastor, by Rev. Mr. Wheeler; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Judd of Augusta; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Miles of Lowell, Mass.; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Judd.

ORDINATION AT LANCASTER, MASS. — The Ordination of Rev. G. M. Bartol over the Unitarian Society at Lancaster took place August 4, 1847. The services proceeded in the following order: — Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. White of Littleton; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Hale of Worcester; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Bartol of Boston; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Allen of Northboro'; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Thayer of Beverly; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Frothingham of Salem.

DEDICATION AT CANNELTON, INDIANA. — A new church in this village, built mainly through the public spirit and generosity of James Boyd, Esq., formerly of Boston, aided by other gentlemen in Massachusetts, was dedicated to the worship of God the Father, and to the promulgation of Liberal Christianity, July 24, 1847. Ministers from three different denominations, Unitarian, Methodist and Universalist, conducted the services of the occasion. The prospects for a society are encouraging.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.—We observe that the Catholic authorities in various quarters are in much disagreement and uncertainty, respecting the present whereabouts of the soul of this distinguished person, deceased. Some maintain that it is still in Purgatory; others avow it is in Heaven; and others seem not to have a very definite opinion on the subject, and to doubt whether it is in either of them, or elsewhere. The answer to the question whether O'Connell's soul stands in need of prayers and masses, is, of course, one of large practical moment; and it depends entirely on the decision of the point, how it is now "circumstanced." Theobald Mathew, Bishop, says "Sacrifices are daily presented for it on thousands of altars from the rising to the setting sun." Dr. McHale gently and delicately intimates that it is "detained," and recommends masses for its repose throughout the diocese of Tuam. Rev. Dr. Miley confidently ejaculates that "O'Connell, the glory and the wonder of Christendom, is in Heaven;" while Dr. Maguire, with a masterly and comprehensive stroke of sagacity, offers the politic suggestion that it might be safe to offer prayers for the soul, though his private suspicion is that the Liberator could do without them!

DR. HORACE BUSHNELL.—We noticed, a few weeks since, the able treatise of this gentleman on "Christian Nurture." Perhaps our readers, meantime, have heard something of the history of this production. It was requested for publication by a Calvinistic association in Connecticut,—the motion for the request being offered by a venerable preacher of unquestioned orthodoxy; it was solicited as a tract by the learned Committee of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society; it was in their hands five or six months, undergoing examination; it was twice sent back to the author for correction, or alteration, and twice retouched; and then, after a long pause of three or four months, "such," the Dr. humorously observes, "as generally precedes some great convulsion of nature," it was given to the public. But, lo! after only a few weeks more, owing either to nervous apprehensions in certain Calvinistic quarters, or to its commendation by Unitarian presses, or both, it is suppressed, strangled by the obstetric committee that had actually partaken of the labors of its birth. Dr. Tyler writes a boding and twaddling letter. And now Dr. Bushnell has answered both him and them, in a well-reasoned and racy written Letter, well worth any man's reading for the vigor of its rhetoric alone. He has exhibited his critics and the inquisitors in a light where they must appear to the world at a decidedly diminished altitude. Evidently able to cope with all his adversaries, he, comfortably and in good heart, administers a cordial castigation for their blunders and injustice, and then amply sustains his doctrinal positions out of the mouths of the great Orthodox witnesses, since the Christian era. The pleasure of reading after him makes us hope that he will by some means be kept in communication with the public; and we believe that he is destined to render an important service to the religious communities of the present age, by his liberal and harmonizing mind. He has lost his reckoning, however, when he begins to talk of Unitarianism dropping like ripe fruit into the hands of New England Calvinism. Dr. Bushnell is philosopher enough to know that, wherever either may finally rest, the so-called Orthodoxy of the day must pass through the phase of Unitarianism, because the latter lies in the path of progress, and is farther advanced than the other.